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ADVERTISE IN THE NEWS

Colonel Bunker's Critic's Apology

A Mistake of His at the Battle of Manassas That Led to Many Complications.

[Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure.]

"It was my custom, sah," said Colonel Bunker as he carefully replaced the glass on the table and elevated his feet—"It was my custom in all perilous moments during the war to place myself at the head of my regiment and wave my sword and call upon my gallant men to follow me to victory or death. I do not go so far as to claim that I originated this custom or practice, but I believe I followed it more closely than any other colonel in the service. When a private



"MEN, THE ENEMY IS IN FRONT OF US!" soldier sees his commanding officer ready to sacrifice his life there can be no hanging back.

"Yes, sah, I would place myself where shot and shell rained the thickest, and after allowing the men time to steady themselves I would wave my sword and utter a few words of fervid eloquence. Then I would wheel and lead them, and it was seldom that victory did not perch upon our banners. She had to perch. There was no getting out of it. When you follow a fervid speech with a dash and a yell something has got to break. The one noted exception was at the second battle of Manassas. My glorious old regiment was placed in a certain position and ordered to hold it until my judgment dictated an advance. We had fought for three hours when the opportune moment arrived. Placing myself in front of the line, I went through the usual waves and then said:

"Men, the enemy is in front of us! Who will follow me until the last one has died or surrendered?"

"I will!" shouted a hundred men, and the next moment we were dashing forward. After we had dashed about eighty rods I began to look for the enemy, but he was not to be found. We kept on for half a mile, but no enemy. We were determined to do or die, sah—do or die—and we continued charging ahead and thinking of our forefathers who died at Lexington and Bunker Hill until we had gone two miles. It then transpired that there was no enemy for ten miles in that direction, and after a rest we returned.

"I am sorry to say that our gallant dash was misconstrued in certain quarters. The brigadier, for instance, said he couldn't make out why we should go charging all over the country after an enemy that was close at hand. I repeated the words of my fervid address to him, but it was no go. I told him of our wish to die for our country, but he only smiled. At length, sah, at length when he became sarcastic I remarked that he was my superior officer and outside of any challenge from me, but if we both lived to the end of the war he would be forced to meet me on the field of honor. For my words I was put under arrest for two weeks.

"Colonel Johnson of my own brigade was another who did not understand the situation. It was just at the time blackberries were ripe, and would you believe, sah, that he had the impudence to ask me if I had taken my regiment on a little trip to gather the succulent fruit? I had him challenged within five seconds, but in going to the field selected I fell over a stone and injured my back so that I was laid up for a month. At the end of that time Colonel Johnson was drafted into another regiment, and we did not meet again until all was over. Then he came up to me one day with outstretched hand and said:

"Colonel Bunker, I have had almost three years in which to think that thing over, and I have come to the conclusion that blackberries had nothing to do with it. I think you were inspired altogether by heroism and that if you had found the enemy he would have been slain to the last man. Forget the words spoken years ago, sah—forget them."

"I had to forget them, sah. You can't force a man to fight you after he has apologized. It was only a few weeks later when I met the brigadier. The war was over, and he had gone to keeping a grocery. I walked in on him one day, but before I could make a remark he came bustling forward to say:

"Colonel Bunker, I am glad to see you, sah—mighty glad. When you wanted to die for your country at second Manassas and made a dash of three miles in hopes to find some one to kill you I did not exactly appreciate the sentiment nor the situation. I have given them much thought since, and I have come to the conclusion that you

were right—no'than right. Accept my hand, sah, and let us bury the hatchet."

"Those were his words, sah, while his demeanor was in consonance with them. And what could I do but shake his hand and order twenty pounds of sugar sent to my house as a clincher?"

"Another of my critics was Majah Hoke. The majah insisted that my wish to die for my country had nothing to do with it; that I had been ordered to hold a certain position and that it was my duty to do it; that it looked more like leading a regiment out to play a game of baseball than to fight and other remarks that cut deep. I could not challenge him, he being my inferior, but I twined his nose for him and stated that if he would challenge me I would waive the difference in rank.

"The majah was all ginger, sah. He had the challenge ready in ten minutes, and all was arranged to meet next morning. Each was fully determined to kill the other, but we were not to meet. That night while he was going the rounds of the pickets he was so badly kicked by an army mule that he was sent to the hospital. A few days later he was gobbled up by the enemy and held prisoner to the end of the war. I met him on the streets of this town a year later. I was about to glare at him and pass him by when he held up his hand for me to halt and said:

"Colonel Bunker, I have come to the conclusion that my words of years ago were uncalled for. You were put in a certain place to exercise your best judgment, and whatever you did was right. I wish to recall those words, sah, and I wish you to accompany me around the corner and take a nip in honor of the renewal of our friendship."

"It was a time when all men were burying their animosities, and the majah and I soon buried ours. I then had only one more man to deal with. He had been lieutenant colonel in my brigade, and it had so happened that we had played poker together on many occasions. It had also happened, as it will sometimes, that I had most always been the winner. The colonel was a gentleman, sah, as well as a soldier, but his losses rankled a bit.

"When my trouble came he remarked that I was probably leading my regiment in search of a four ace hand, and when I called on him and demanded an apology he refused to make one. I waived the difference in rank and challenged him. He promptly accepted. As both of us wished to have the affair over with at the earliest possible moment we went out within the hour. As both of us were dead shots it was predicted that there would be a double tragedy, but there was a roaring farce instead.

"We entered a meadow well beyond the lines and were about to take positions when we discovered that we had stirred up a nest of bumblebees. The insects attacked us with fury, and both of us were stung repeatedly before we could make our escape. The humor of the thing appealed to each man, and a few judicious words from the seconds brought about a reconciliation.

"I had determined to play no more poker with the colonel, but at his earnest and repeated solicitations I did relieve him of small sums at regular intervals for the next year or two. A good soldier and a game man, sah, but not up on the points of the great American game. That's all, sah—that's all."

And when the cocktail was brought he drank it at a gulp and was soon nodding in sleep. M. QUAD.

A Standing Rule.

Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank would go to the theater with them. Mrs. Blank was awfully sorry—she would so much like to go, but, unfortunately, Blank was out. But probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued:

"Main 31,333, please. Hello! Is this the — club? Is my husband there? Hello! Not there? Sure? Well, all right, then. But hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told you my name."

"There ain't nobody's husband here—never!" was the wise attendant's reply. —New York World.

Explained.

Mrs. Housekeep—"You're a big, healthy man. Why don't you go to work?"

Weary Walker—"Lady, I'll tell you my trouble. I'm an 'unhappy medium.'"

Mrs. Housekeep—"What do you mean by that?"

Weary Walker—"Well, yer see, I'm too heavy for light work an' too light for heavy work.—Catholic Standard and Times.

He Bolted the Door.



—Boston Globe.

Secrets of the Craft.

Customer inspecting the sample the waiter has brought him—How do you distinguish your clam chowder from plain vegetable soup?

Waiter—We have different labels on the knives, sir. Wish any coffee? —Chicago Tribune.

BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP

PERMANENTLY CURES
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS
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Kill and cut up your Hogs into Sides, Hams and Shoulders, and thoroughly cover with salt, bring or ship to us at Arcadia in box or barrel. We will store same thirty (30) days, which is long enough to cure it, for one cent per pound. If you desire to leave it in storage longer, the rate will be one-half cent per pound for each month or fraction thereof. Get the meat to us within thirty-six (36) hours of the time killed and we can cure it into good commercial Bacon. Hams over 25 lbs, should remain 60 days; cut leg off above knee joint, remove upper hip bone. When returned they should be wrapped in muslin and thoroughly smoked with hickory wood smoke. If you have any hogs for sale, write or telephone us; we will pay full market price for Hogs dressed or on foot. This industry should be profitable to you and us. Try it.

ED. SCOTT, Manager

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